No.1

IN A WITCH MAGAZINE SURVEY !

TV COMIC

15p.

Number 1558
Every Friday 30th October 1981

TOM AND JERRY

TAP! TAP!
WHAT A GIRL! MIMI MAKES MY HEART GO PITTER PAT!
BASH! BASH!
NOW TO PUT MY PICTURE ON A SOUND WALL!
BASH! BASH!
SOUNDS LIKE TOM'S ON A CRASH COURSE IN D.I.Y!
YOU RANG, TOM CAT?
YES, THERE'S SOME THINGS I'VE GOT TO HAMMER OUT!
BEK!
GAH, MISSED!
I SEE YOU GET THE PICTURE, TOM! TEE-HEE!
BONK!

Continued on Page 2 . . .

MOMENTS LATER...

GRR! C'MERE, RODENT!... HUH ?

THERE YOU ARE, TOM! I WANT YOU TO HANG UP THIS BEAUTIFUL PICTURE I'VE BOUGHT.

IT'S CALLED 'THE LAUGHING CAVALIER'! FIND A SUITABLE PLACE FOR IT— WHILE I HANG UP MY COAT.

Y-YES, MAID!

GOSH! IT SURE SEEMS LIKE A FINE ART PRINT.

TAKE A CLOSER LOOK, JERRY! HEH! HEH! THAT WAS PRETTY ARTFUL, TOO, EH?

OOOMPH!

I'LL COVER THAT CRACK I MADE IN THE WALL. BUT I'LL NEED YOUR SUPPORT, RODENT!

BURBLE!

I'LL HOOK YOU ON THAT NAIL, JERRY. YOU'LL SOON GET THE HANG OF IT!

I'M NOT SO SURE! MAYBE IT'S TIME I...

... PUSHED OFF!

SHOVE!

TOM!

RIP!!!

RECKON THAT TATTY CAT'S BEEN WELL AND TRULY FRAMED! SNIGGER!

I'LL TEACH YOU TO DEFACE THINGS!

SO...

THERE! AT LEAST THAT'LL DO UNTIL I CAN HAVE THE CANVAS REPLACED.

THE LAUGHING CAVALIER

SO MUCH FOR THE LAUGHING CAVALIER! AS A CAT-ALIER — TOM LOOKS A PICTURE OF MISERY! TEE-HEE-HEE!

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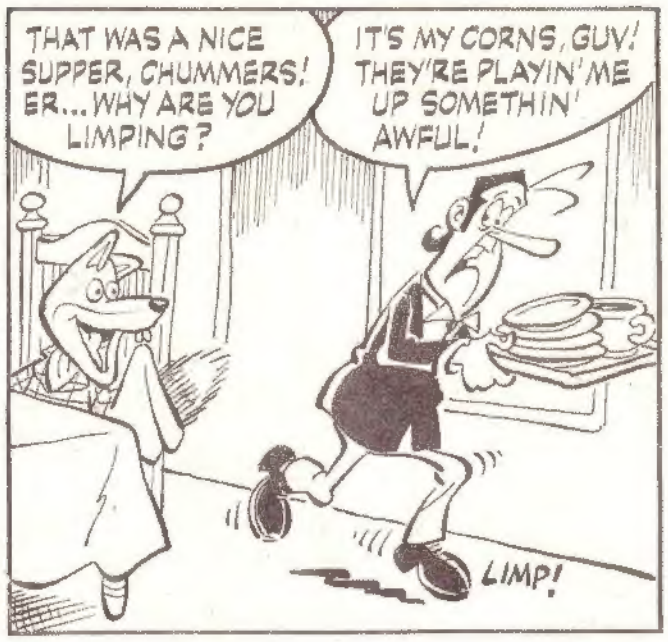
BASIL BRUSH


THAT WAS A NICE SUPPER, CHUMMERS! ER... WHY ARE YOU LIMPING?
IT'S MY CORNS, GUV! THEY'RE PLAYIN' ME UP SOMETHIN' AWFUL!
LIMP!

AH! MY OLD GRANNY TOLD ME A COUNTRY METHOD OF GETTING RID OF CORNS AND IT NEVER FAILS AS LONG AS YOU DO IT DURING A FULL MOON!

YOU'RE IN LUCK! THERE'S A FULL MOON TONIGHT!

SOON...
THAT'S IT, CHUMMERS - STEP INTO THIS BARREL OF ROTTEN LEAVES!

FACE NORTH WITH THIS BRANCH IN YOUR LEFT HAND!

NOW FACE THE POINTS OF THE COMPASS WAVING THE BRANCH ABOVE YOUR HEAD AND READ THAT!

"NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST... SOOTHE MY ACHING CORNS TO REST!"

ERK!
YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO FALL IN THE MUD AS WELL!
SPLOOSH!

SO...
NOW WASH YOUR TOOTSIES AND PUT THIS OINTMENT ON YOUR CORNS!

WHAT IS IT?
IT'S SOMETHING THE DOCTOR GAVE ME WHEN I HAD CORNS! WORKS LIKE MAGIC!

GRRR! FANCY MAKIN' ME GO THROUGH ALL THAT NONSENSE!
CHUMMER'S CORNS MUST BE BETTER ALREADY! HE'S NOT LIMPING!

BARNEY BEAR

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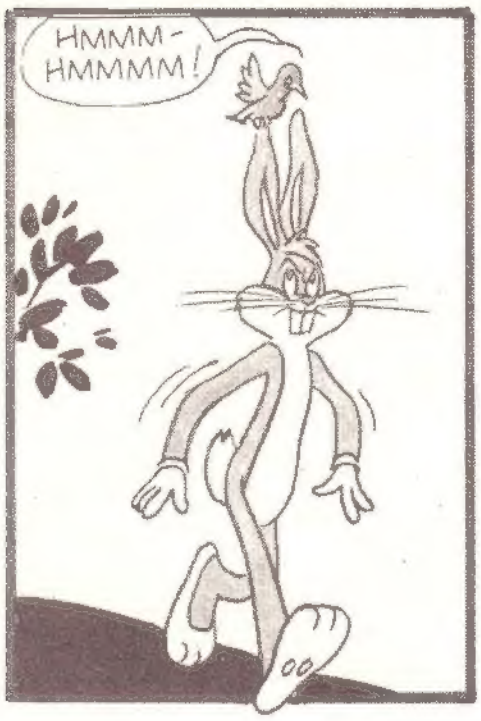
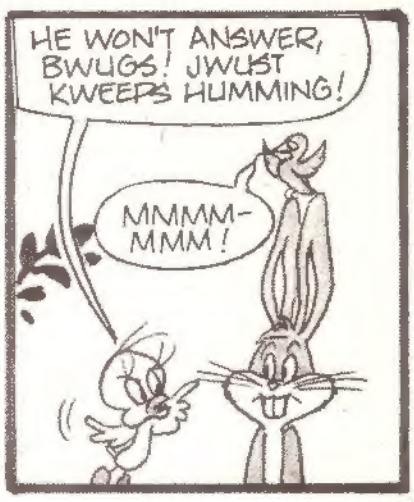
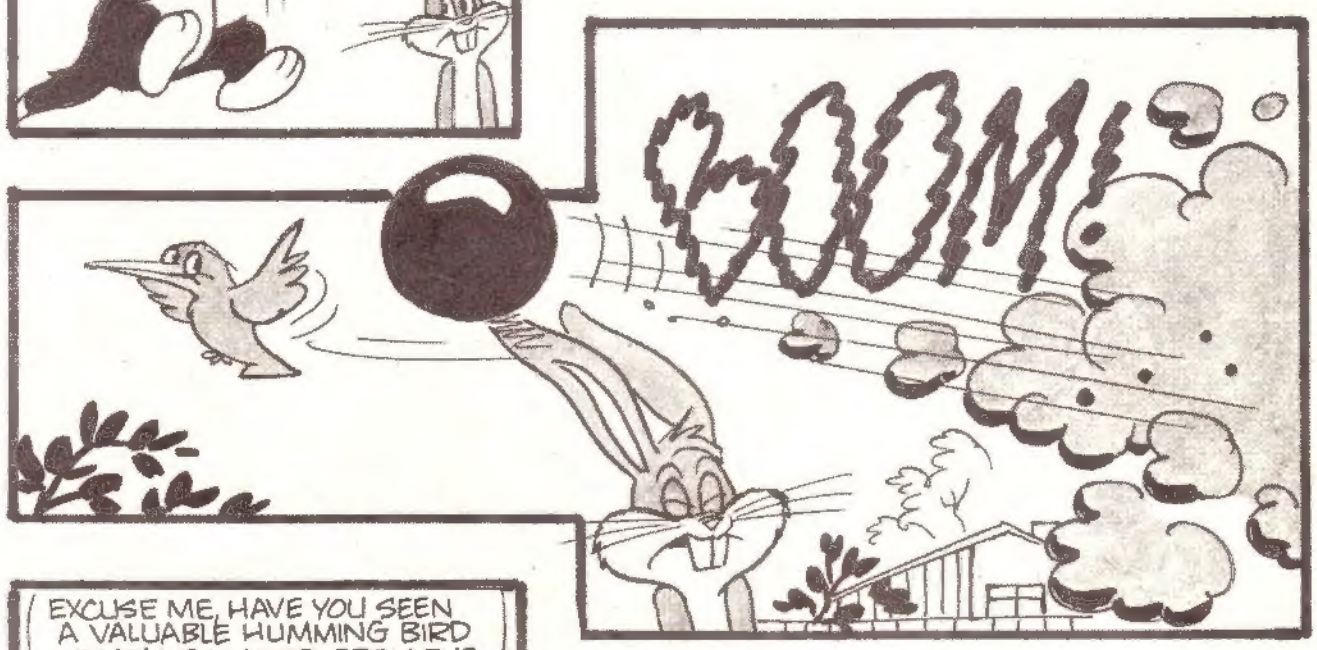
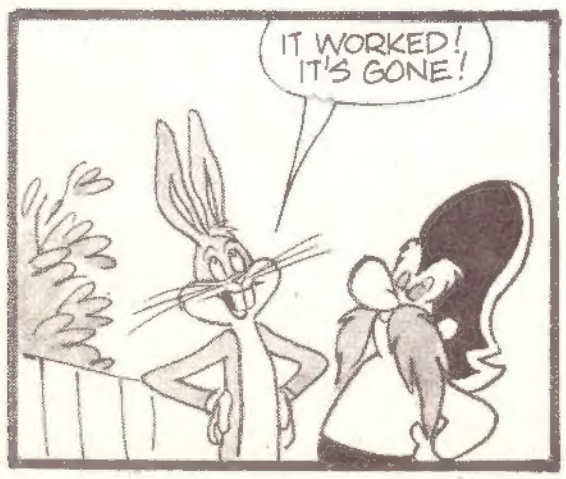
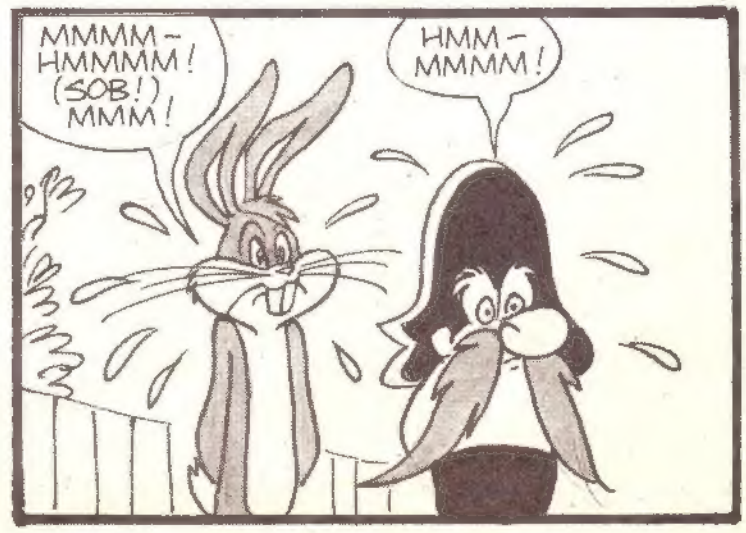
The BUGS BUNNY show











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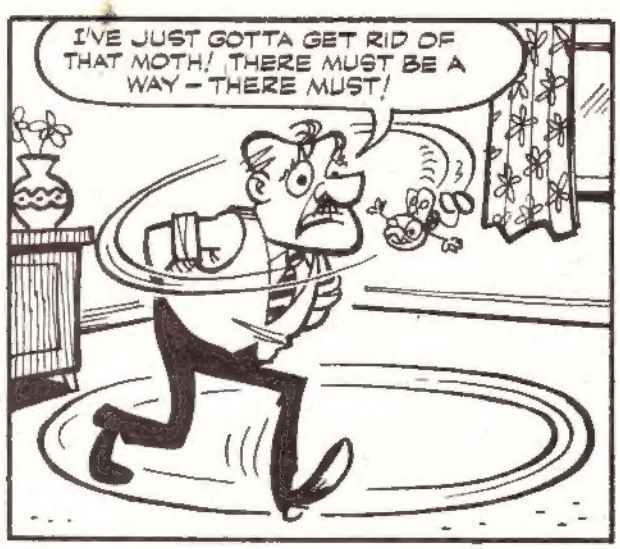
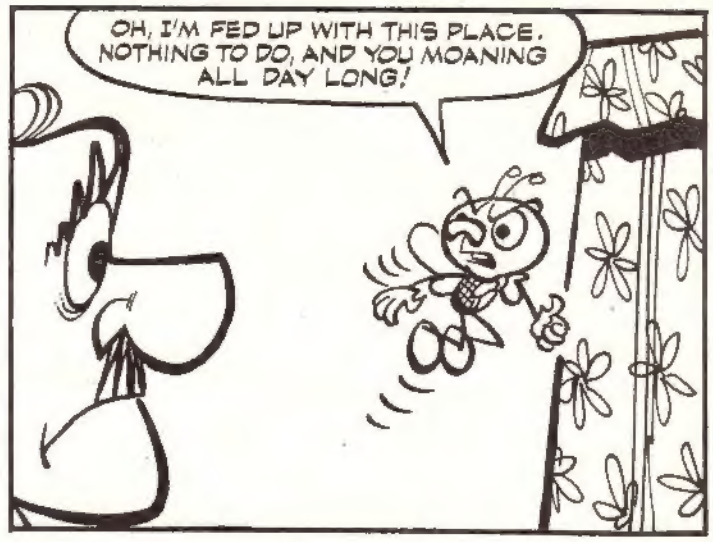
MIGHTY MOTH


I'VE JUST GOTTA GET RID OF THAT MOTH! THERE MUST BE A WAY – THERE MUST!


OH, I'M FED UP WITH THIS PLACE. NOTHING TO DO, AND YOU MOANING ALL DAY LONG!

SO...
I'M OFF!
YOU ARE?

HE'S GONE!
HE'S GONE!
HA! HA! HAAA!

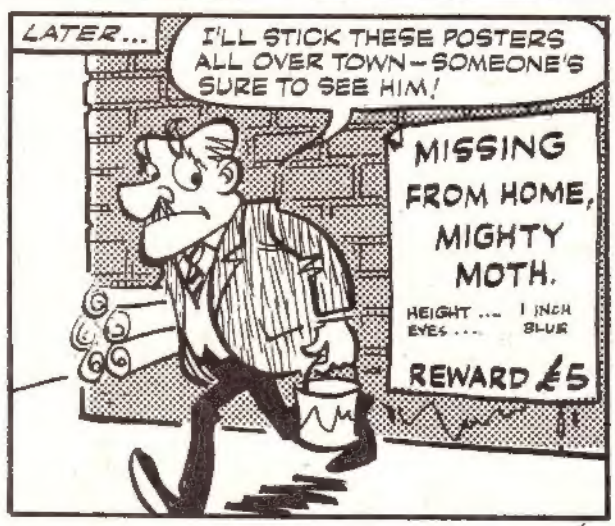
I CAN SIT HERE IN MY FAVOURITE ARMCHAIR IN PERFECT PEACE AND QUIETNESS!

FIDGIT!
GOSH, IT IS QUIET!

I CAN'T SEEM TO SETTLE DOWN, SOMEHOW!

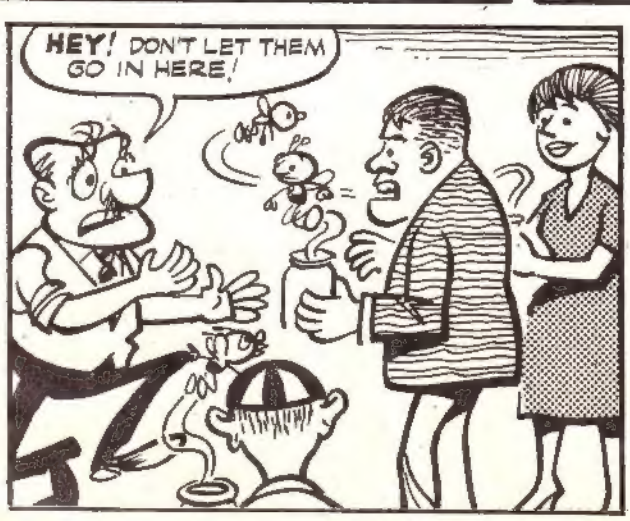
I'M SO LONELY WITHOUT MIGHTY MOTH FLUTTERING AROUND!

IT'S NO GOOD, I MUST TRY AND GET HIM TO COME BACK – BUT HOW CAN I FIND HIM?


LATER...
I'LL STICK THESE POSTERS ALL OVER TOWN – SOMEONE'S SURE TO SEE HIM!
MISSING FROM HOME, MIGHTY MOTH.
HEIGHT ... 1 INCH
EYES ... BLUE
REWARD £5

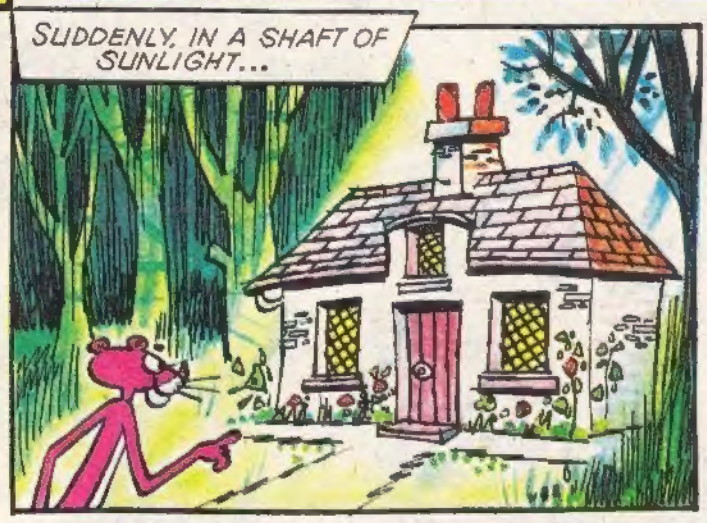
SO...
COME IN, GENTLEMEN!

NO, THAT'S NOT HIM – NOR THAT ONE...
WELL, I DON'T WANT HIM – I'LL LET HIM GO!


HEY! DON'T LET THEM GO IN HERE!

I'VE GOTTA GET RID OF THESE MOTHS!

THERE'S A SPECIAL PRIZE AT TODAY'S HORTICULTURAL SHOW FOR THE MOST UNUSUAL PLANT! I'D LOVE TO WIN IT!
HORTICULTURAL SHOW
CLASSES
VEGETABLES
FLOWERS



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BATTLE OF THE PLANETS

G-FORCE FACE THE MENACE OF GIANT PLANTS CONTROLLED BY ZOLTAR, WHO USES HIS 'DOOM FLOWERS' TO CARRY OUT ROBBERIES.

BANK

WE CAN'T REACH ZOLTAR! HIS PLANTS PROTECT HIM.

THE DOOM FLOWERS HAVE ROBBED THE NATIONAL BANK!

NOW MY DEADLY ARMY WILL MARCH ON THE CAPITAL. EVEN G-FORCE ARE POWERLESS. EARTH WILL BE **MINE!**

THE TERRIBLE FLOWERS ESCORT ZOLTAR.

ORDER LAND AND AIR FORCES TO ATTACK!

THE PLANTS WON'T WITHER!

THEIR LEAVES ACT AS HEAT SHIELDS!

LOOK OUT! THE FLOWERS ARE FIRING THEIR STAMENS AT US.

BACK TO THE PHOENIX!

BUT THE PLANTS HAVE IT TRAPPED, MARK!

WE'LL USE OUR SUPER-POWERS. QUICK, FORM A PYRAMID.

GOT IT!

THEY BECOME A SCREAMING **WHIRLWIND** WHICH **JERKS** FREE THE PLANTS!

ONCE INSIDE...

THE TENDRILS ARE CLOSING BACK ON US.

SWITCH TO FIREBIRD! THEY WON'T HOLD THE SHIP THEN.

WITH FORCES MORE POWERFUL THAN NATURE ITSELF...

AS THE FIREBIRD CHANGES BACK...

EVEN **FIREBIRD** CAN'T DESTROY THE PLANTS!

THEY DON'T EVEN SCORCH.

SO **HOW** CAN WE **STOP** THE PLANT INVADERS?

SEE NEXT WEEK

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The BISTO KIDS

WHAT'S A THREE LETTER WORD MEANING *"A FEMALE BOVINE ANIMAL"?*

YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT! I'LL GIVE YOU A CLUE!

MOO! MOOO!

ELK?

NO.

MOOO! MOO!

DOG?

YOU REALLY ARE THICK! LET ME SHOW YOU ONE!

WHAT'S THAT?

ER...A BULL!

IT'S NOT A *BULL*, STUPID! IT'S A...

YOW!!

NO, IT CAN'T BE A 'YOW'! THE WORD BEGINS WITH 'C'!

TOSS!!

LATER...

MAYBE IT'S 'CAT'! NO—IT CAN'T BE! IT ENDS WITH A 'W'!

I GIVE UP!

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The Inspector

I WANT YOU TO GO TO A PARTY TONIGHT AT LADY M'S.

WHAT? ISN'T SHE THE SOPHISTICATED SAFE-BREAKER?

YES! WE THINK SHE HAS HIDDEN SOME GEMS IN THIS SPECIALLY DESIGNED SAFE!

HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD

NEVER FEAR! THE INSPECTOR WILL FIND THEM!

YOU BETTER HAD!

LATER THAT NIGHT

I RECOGNISE SOME OF THESE GUESTS! THEY RE ALL CROOKS!

THIS PUMPKIN! IT MUST BE THE SAFE!

I THINK THE INSPECTOR KNOWS ABOUT THE GEMS IN THE PUMPKIN, LADY M!

MMM YES WHY DON T WE TRICK HIM, FLYN?

JUMP!

GRAB!

IT'S FATTY FLYN, THE FASTEST FINGERS IN THE WEST! WHERE ARE THE GEMS, YOU CROOK?

YOU LL NEVER KNOW, IN-SPECTRE!

I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR IMPERSONATING A PUMPKIN!

BACK AT HQ..

I COULDN'T FIND THE GEMS BUT I'VE ARRESTED THIS PUMPKIN ON SUSPICION!

BAAA!

JM'81

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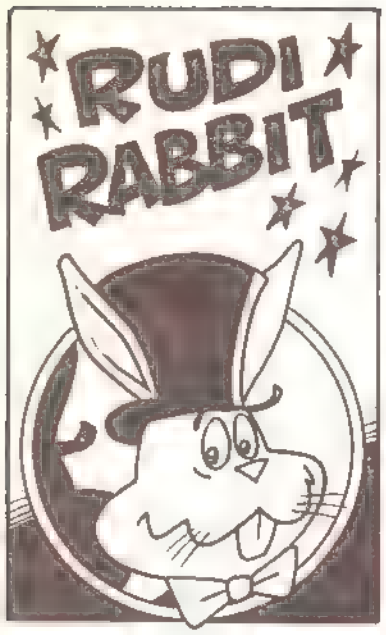

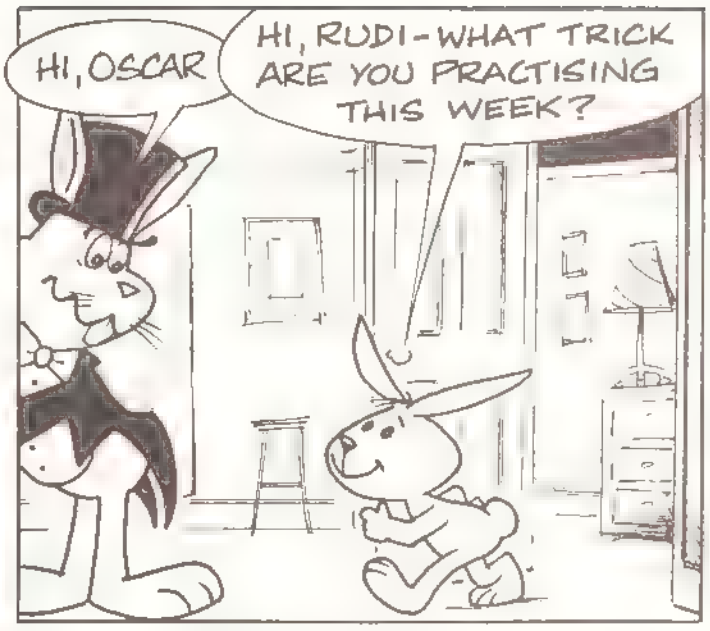

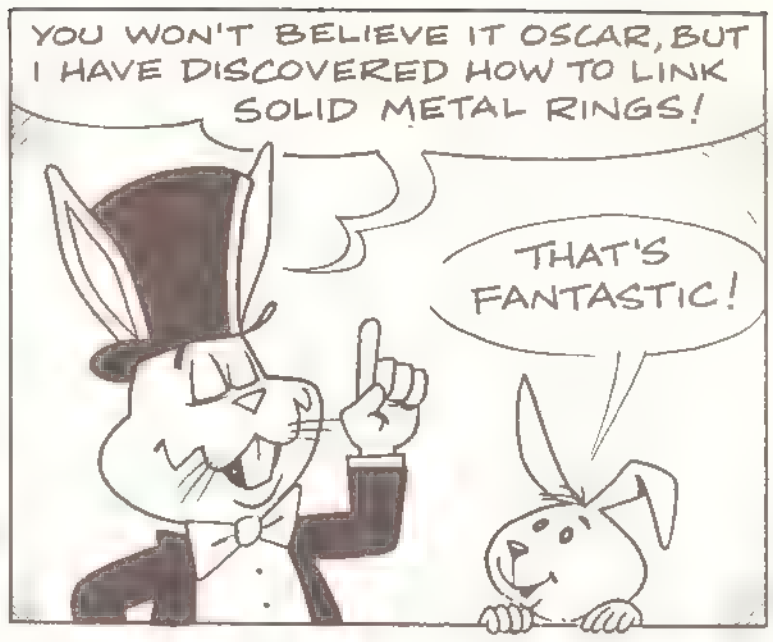

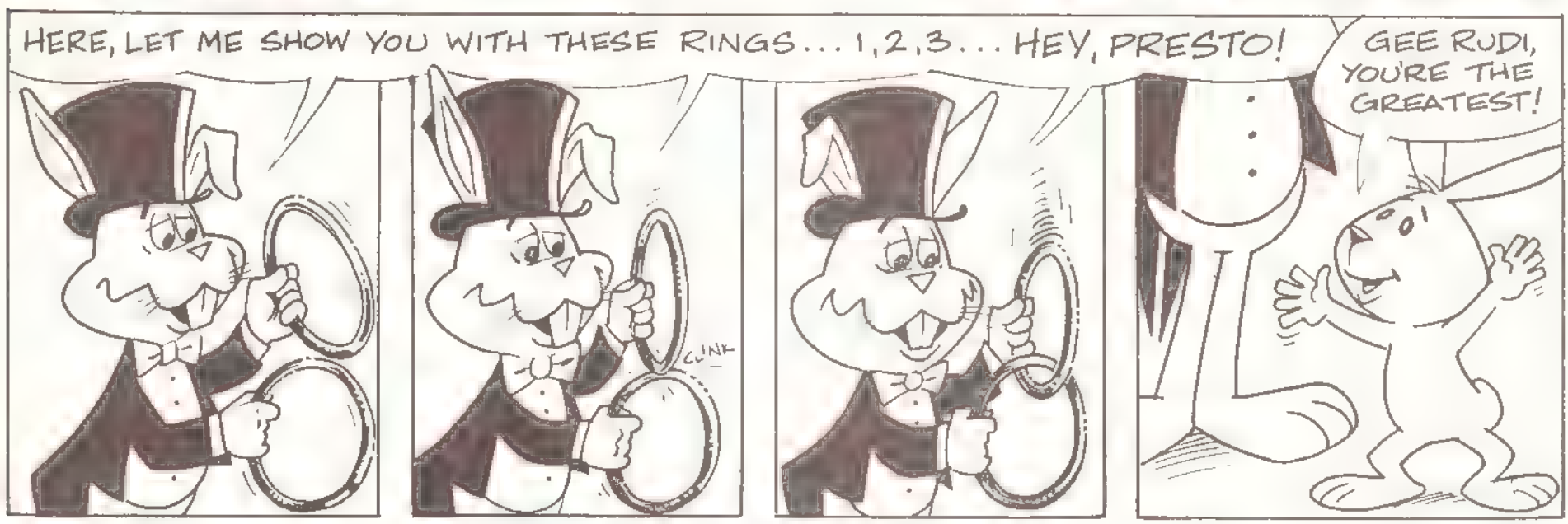

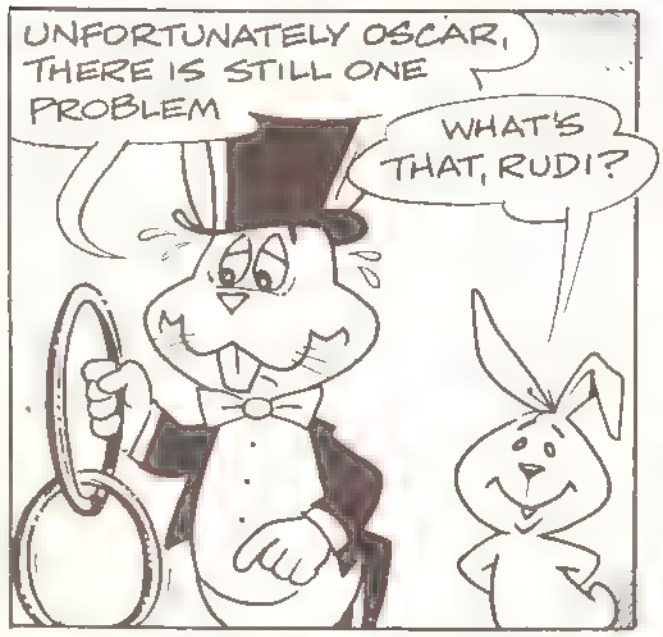

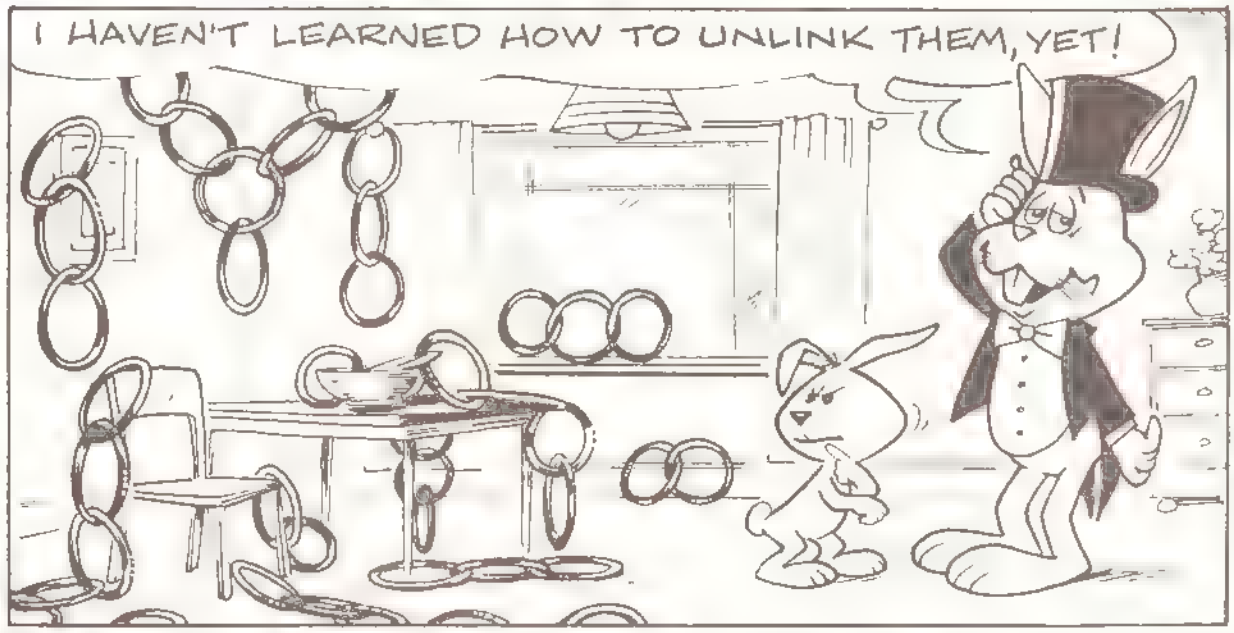

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ALI BONGO'S BAZAAR

Salaams!

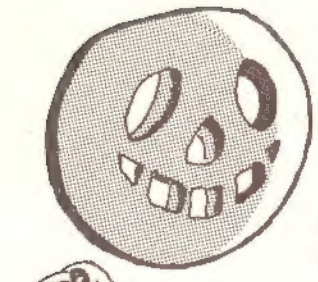
THE THIMBLE THROUGH THE HANDKERCHIEF TRICK

For this you need a pocket handkerchief and two identical thimbles. Hide one thimble in the palm of your left hand, and put the other in full view on your left forefinger.

To show the trick. Cover your left hand with the handkerchief, and pretend to reach under it and remove the thimble from your finger. Actually, you bring out the duplicate thimble that was hidden in your hand. Put it on the left forefinger—*over* the handkerchief and the first thimble.

Gather the four corners of the handkerchief together in your right hand, and quickly pull it off your left hand. Your friends will be amazed to see that there is still a thimble on your finger, and it will seem that the thimble has penetrated right through the handkerchief.

LETTERS and LAUGHS



A SPOOKY TALE FOR HALLOWEEN

(For best results tell in a darkened room, by the light of a flickering candle)

Mr Jones was a fairly ordinary man who, during the day worked as a salesman in the offices of a refrigerator company in Birmingham. Had you asked him about the supernatural two years ago, he would have given a throaty chuckle and told you that he did not believe in fairy stories. It was a different story six months later when Mr Jones had a very strange dream.

He was wearing Edwardian clothes, morning coat, cravat and his best waistcoat as he recalled, although until the dream he had never set eyes on it before. It was a misty day and to the tolling of the graveyard bell, a funeral procession was assembling. The undertakers, dignified in their tall hats and black crepe commiserated with the mourners before placing the tiny coffin in the hearse. The head undertaker paused as he passed Mr Jones, "Room for one more," he said, nodding towards the hearse.

Mr Jones woke with a shudder, the man's face with it's thin lips and pinched expression still in his mind. "Must remember never to eat cheese at bedtime," he thought, returning fitfully to sleep.

The next day he woke late and hurried out of the door without breakfast. Fastening his tie on the landing he waited for the lift. "It's always so slow!" he cursed as he heard the old lift creaking and groaning from the top of the building, "About time we had a new one!" At last the lift arrived, and the doors opened to reveal that it was full of people from the floors above, all looking equally impatient. Their faces were all familiar, he had shared the lift and lobby with them many times in the four years he had lived there. But one was different, a new lift operator. "Sixteenth floor!" he called. He looked vaguely familiar too. "Room for one more," he said, nodding at Mr Jones.

Jones stepped back in horror shaking his head – it was the chief undertaker! Mr Jones panicked. He had hardly time to draw breath before he heard the awful sound of the lift wires breaking on the floor below and the faint screaming as the lift carriage plummeted to the basement.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

LETTERS

"One day my TV Comic came and I rushed to the door, but my sister got it. So I posted a Beano, (*A what?! – Ed*) and she came rushing. You see I tied on string and put the string through the letter-box. It was outside. When she came rushing I pulled the string and she ran into the door!"
From Paul Gray, Chester-le-Street.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Editor,
One weekend I went to Dartmouth Marina and I went crabbing. I was covered in mud when I met my dad. I had to have a shower but when we got there there was no soap, so dad went back to the boat to get some. Then I thought I'd do dad a favour by drying my hair under the electric hand dryer. My dad took me back to the boat and Andrew, my brother, couldn't stop laughing as my hair was standing on end!
From Douglas Smith, Somerset.

Hence the saying "Hair's looking at you, kid!"

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Editor,
One evening my brother Geoff was reading to my sister Liz. The book was a western and it went a bit like this". . . . . and our hero on horseback rides through desert after desert, trying to escape from the Indians. It's very hard to ride on sand. . ." Then my sister said, "Why didn't he use the road?"
From Robert Stokes, Kent.

Because at the time there was just desserts!

★STAR LETTER

Dear Ed,
My mum's kettle was leaking and my mum asked my dad to mend it. Dad had no solder so he said to mum, "Just for a temporary repair, put an egg in it." About ten minutes later my mum came in and said, "That egg is hard boiled and the kettle is still leaking!" She had forgotten to break the egg!
Anthony Larcombe, Bridport, Dorset.

But if she broke it, then it would be poached – wouldn't it?

Dear Editor,
Last year in April we had some new next door neighbours. Their names were Isobel, who is 9, and Ross, who is 4. Their dad went up the ladder painting and the ladder slipped from beneath him. He broke his left arm as he hit the ground. 3 days later they went on holiday, my dad put some sealer on the wall for him. 6 weeks later, after their holiday he had his plaster off and he had a bandage on. My dad does painting and things that he can not do because his arm aches.
From Mireille Roskilly, Essex.

You sound like good neighbours! How do the rest of you get on with your neighbours? Write and tell me what the lot next door get up to!

LAUGHS

What do vampires sing?
Answer: Fangs for the memory!

Boy: I watched a Dracula film last night!
Ed: Was it good?
Boy: Fang-tastic!
From Julia Taylor, Leicester.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

What do ghosts call their navy?
The Ghost Guard!
From Matthew Friend, Gwent.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Where do vampires keep their money?
Answer: In a blood Bank!

Why did Dracula take medicine?
Answer: To cure his coffin!

What does Dracula have for breakfast?
Answer: Dreaded Wheat!

What is a ghost's favourite soup?
Answer: Scream of tomato!
From Ann Macken, London SW15.

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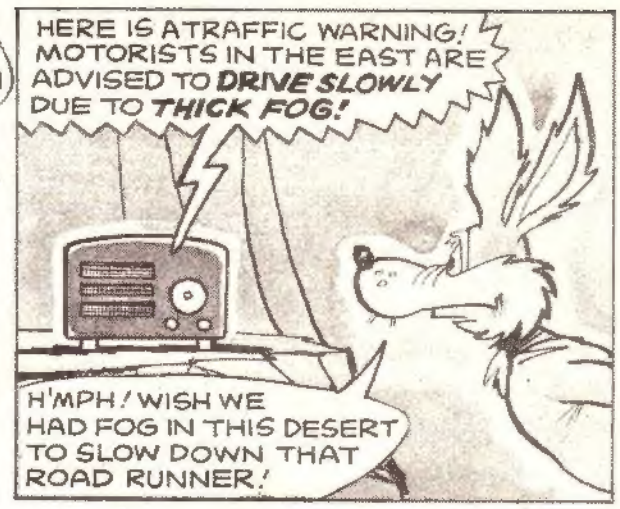
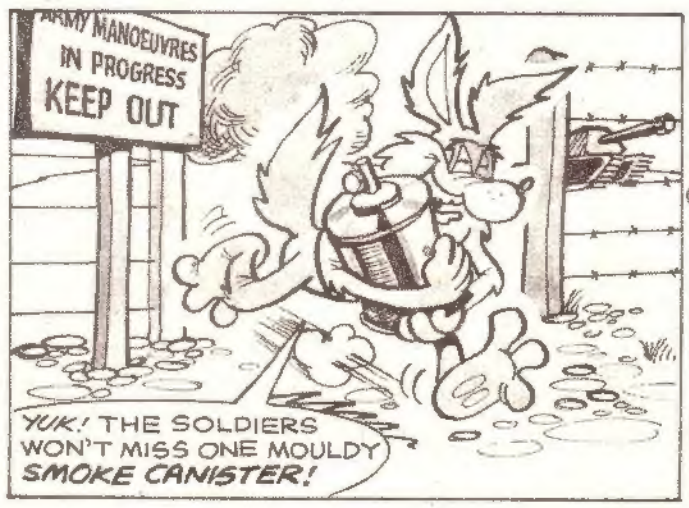
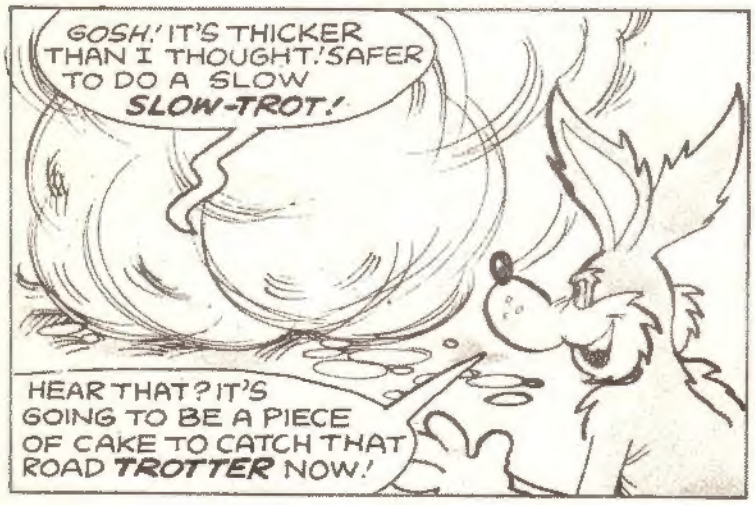
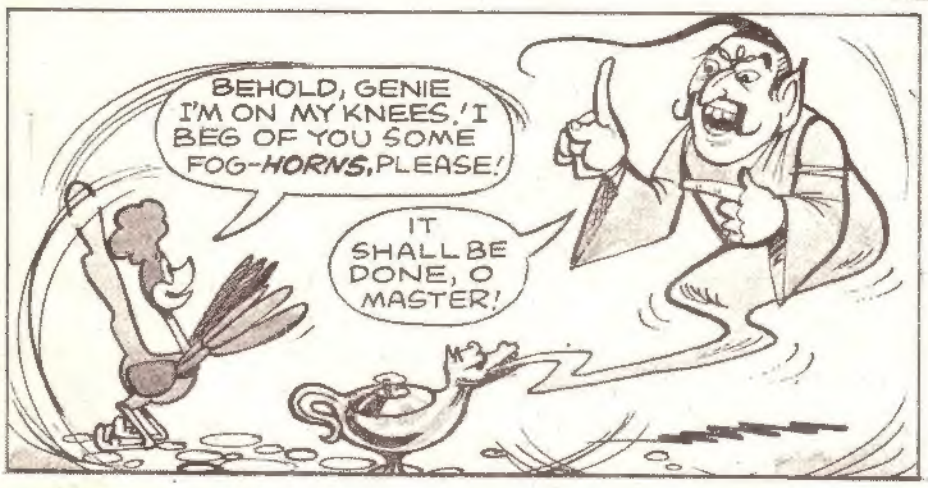
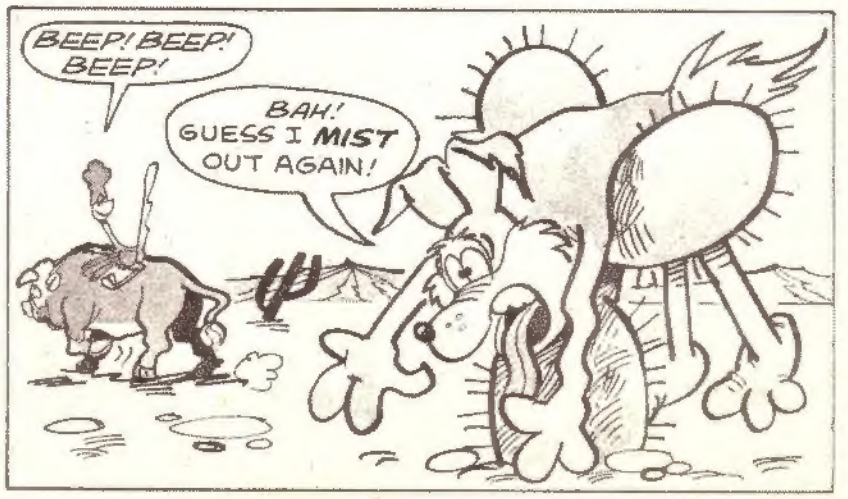
BEEP BEEP THE ROAD RUNNER


HERE IS A TRAFFIC WARNING! MOTORISTS IN THE EAST ARE ADVISED TO DRIVE SLOWLY DUE TO THICK FOG!
H'MPH! WISH WE HAD FOG IN THIS DESERT TO SLOW DOWN THAT ROAD RUNNER!




GOSH! IT'S THICKER THAN I THOUGHT! SAFER TO DO A SLOW SLOW-TROT!
HEAR THAT? IT'S GOING TO BE A PIECE OF CAKE TO CATCH THAT ROAD TROTTER NOW!





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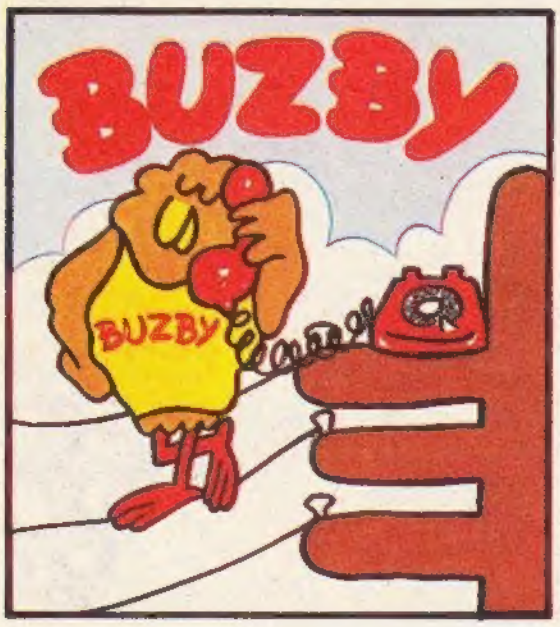

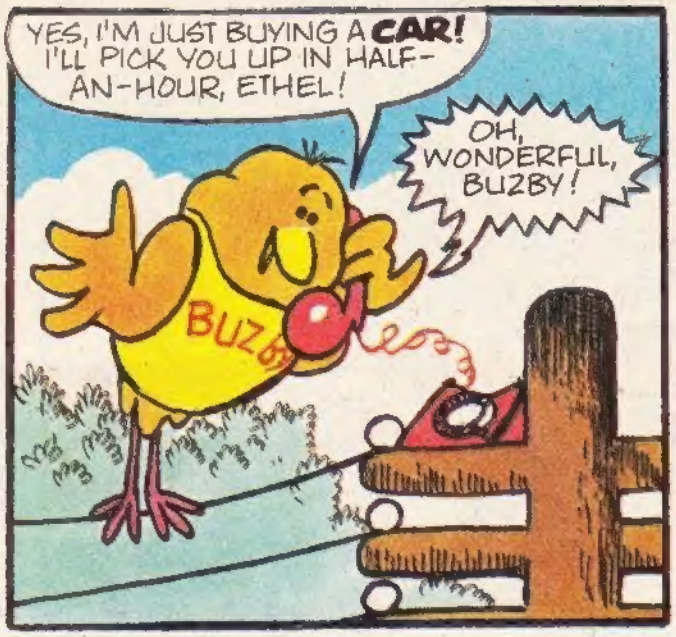

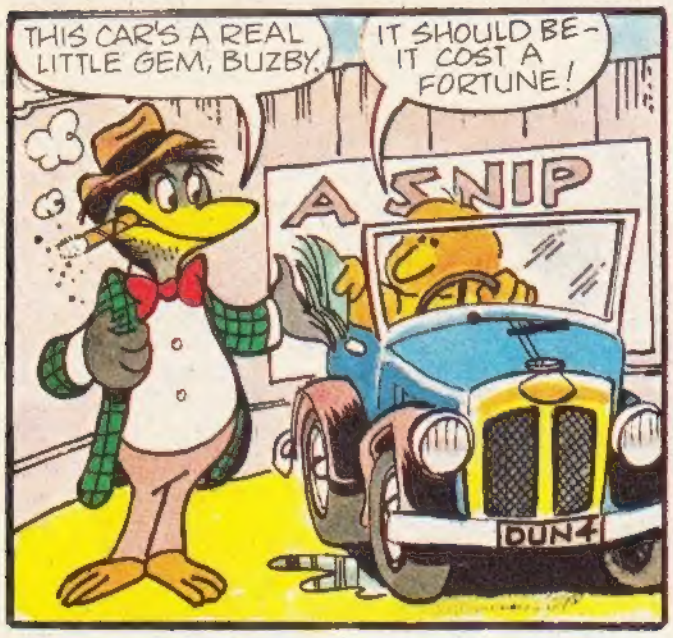

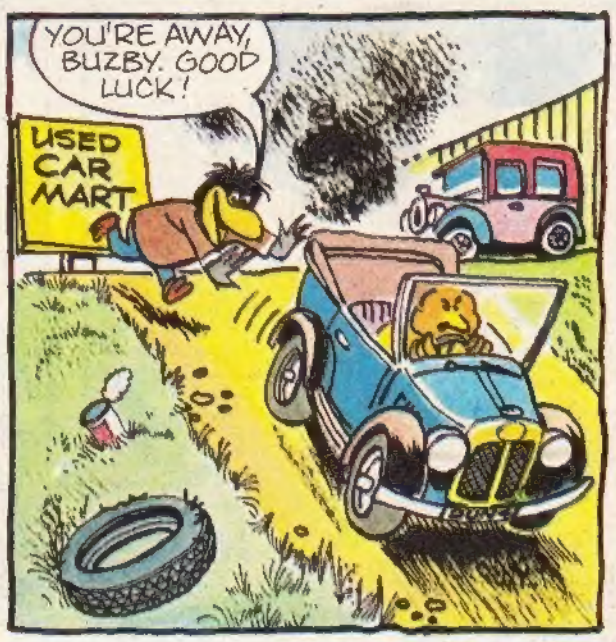

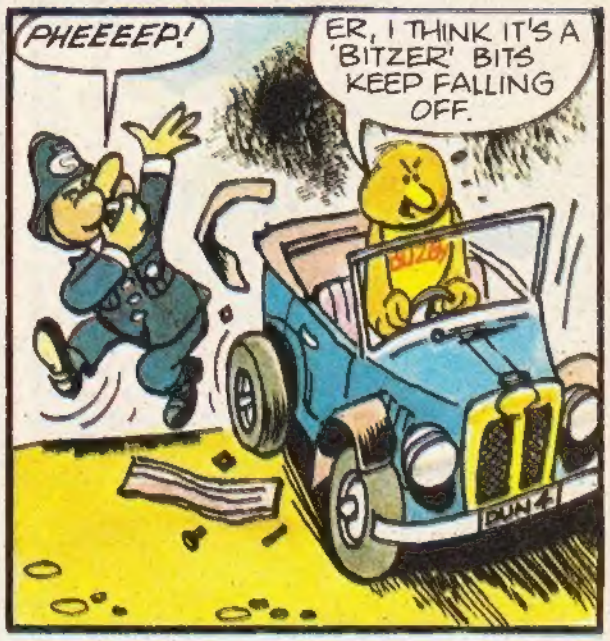

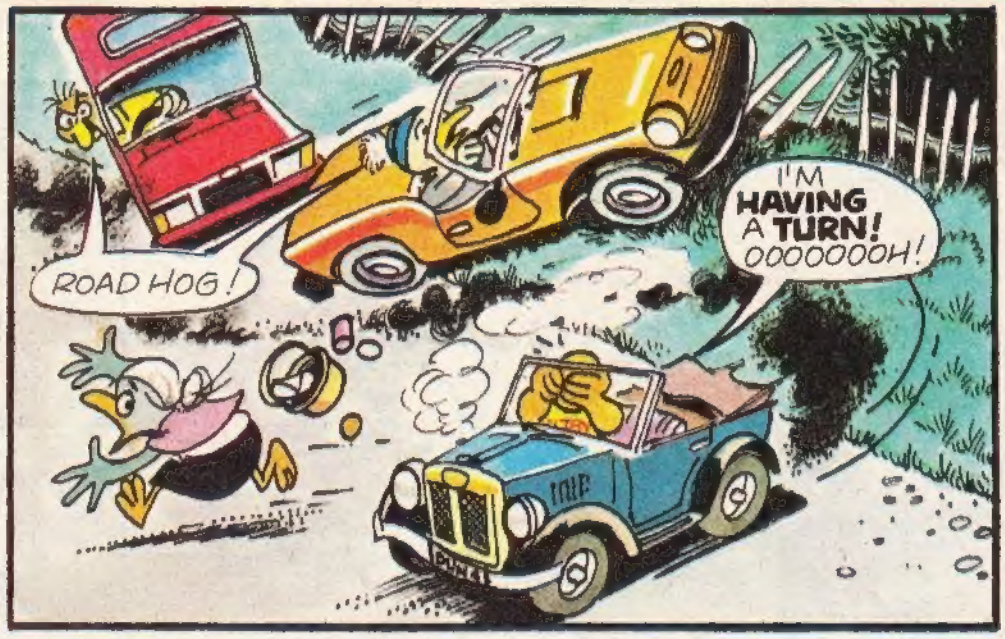

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POPEYE

SPINACH

THANKS FOR OFFERING TO LOOK AFTER MY BABY, OLIVE - BUT BE CAREFUL WITH HIM. HE'S SUCH A DELICATE LITTLE CHAP!

OF COURSE I WILL!

HELLO, LIL 'FELLA COOCHIE-COOCHIE-COO!

OH, POPEYE! YOU'VE FRIGHTENED HIM!

WAA!

YAA!

NOW HE WON'T STOP CRYING!

LEAVE HIM TO PLAY WITH SWEE' PEA! PERHAPS THAT WILL SHUT HIM UP!

YELL

HEY! STOP THAT ROW, WILL YA!

ALL THAT YELLIN' AN' SQUAWLIN'! BABIES HAS TO BE TOUGH IN THIS HOUSE!

MEVIN

NOW EAT SOME SPINACH AND WE'LL PLAY A FEW GAMES!

SPINACH

LATER...

I'VE COME TO COLLECT MY LITTLE PET! HAS HE BEEN GOOD?

PERFECT!

I DO WORRY ABOUT HIM! HE'S SUCH A TENDER LITTLE FLOWER!

HE'S IN SWEE 'DEA'S ROOM...

...THEY SEEM TO GET ON WELL TOGETHER!

THAT'S IT KID! GET STUCK IN!

POW!

ARF! ARF!

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